

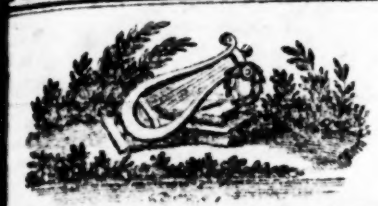
# The Saturday Evening Post.

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## THE DELIVERANCE.

An Original Tale—continued.

IX.

A tyrant's frown he hath borne, and smiled,  
And passion's flowings hath answer'd mild.  
In conscious truth, and honest pride,  
He hath turn'd away from all beside.  
Erewhile he hath borne his troubled lot,  
Peril and danger could move him not,  
Till now—that reflection his feelings move,  
And his thoughts return to forgotten love,  
To scenes of bliss, where cheering light  
Hath shone upon his way so bright,  
So pure, and warm, that, oh! 'tis pain  
To think, it ne'er may shine again.

X.

When, lo! he sees some spirit fair,  
Seen hovering light on the viewless air,  
And now her form fair floats near,  
As if her drooping soul to cheer;  
With angel's love she o'er him stands,  
And sweetly smiles—or now, her hands  
Remove the trembling tears away,  
That they but seem to backward lay  
Her silken locks of auburn hue,  
Where pearls drop, like morning's dew,  
Are glittering as the moon shines through

XI.

Oh! why, he cries, with wondering look,  
That thou thy heavenly rest forsook,  
Fair spirit, to meet a wretch, whose breath  
Is spent in prayers of love and death;  
Ah, haply, thou hast hither come  
To visit my wearied spirit home.  
Oh, welcome, bright angel—yes, so thou art—  
Most welcome—for I would fain depart;  
Speak but the word, and my spirit free,  
Will gladly resign itself to thee.  
Oh, speak—what, am I then unknown,  
Look! I am—Oh! I am not your own;  
That voice—he cries—oh, God of day!  
And in her arms exhausted sinks away.

XII.

To whose prayer was heard in vain,  
Whose sighs, nor tears, could not restrain  
A tyrant's vengeance, ere it fell  
Upon the head she loved so well—  
To tell that she had bid adieu,  
(Oh what will not sweet woman do.)  
To comfort—happiness and all,  
With him to live—or rise—or fall.  
Concealed within the boat she lay,  
Until the storm had passed away,  
And now in fondness round him clinging,  
Baptized—hope—and anguish bringage.

XIII.

Anguish—for oh, an outcast he,  
Upon a wide and unkind sea,  
And all his love—and there was much—  
Vibrated to distraction's touch;  
For, oh! how could his fate be rude,  
To see such boundless gratitude,  
To see such truth—to feel such love,  
To hope a due return to prove,  
Or to protect a form so fair,  
Was anguish more than he could bear.

XIV.

He could but look his hopes and fears,  
And on her bosom weep his tears,  
Could only press her to a heart,  
Where only was throbbing to depart,  
And fondly lay her cheek to his,  
In silent—eternal—bliss.  
Thus this was all for words were vain,  
To fast the thrill of rapture's pain.

HAMLET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To

Why talk of love—of vows and tears,  
To foolish prove, while life is all lost;  
Away! no more salute mine ears,  
With tales like these—the time is past.  
The days are gone—the hours have fled,  
Forever fled, and sunk in night;  
Never again thy joys to shed,  
Or give one hope of fond delight.

And art thou changed—O yes thou art—  
"Philosophy" has made thee wise,  
Has turn'd to that once fond heart,  
And all thy pleasure with'ding days;  
Think, lady, I will ever,  
Accept thy cold platonic love?  
No, in heaven! never, never,  
While life, or sense, or being move.

Farewell, farewell! it must be so,  
This heart can never love again;  
What's left my anguish or my woes,  
Far, far from thee must I remain;  
Yet truly I mourn the hour,  
That wrought this hated change in thee,  
And pray to that all seeing power,  
To bless thee in eternity.

OSCAR.

THE MORALIST—No. I.

PROVIDENCE has wisely so constituted  
us, that the necessary exertions of the  
mind in times of distress seem to support  
the feebleness of the body. But when the  
attention of the former is no longer en-  
gaged, the power of the latter becomes  
utterly exhausted.

Alas! how feeble is reason when op-  
posed to feeling! Neither the conviction  
of the understanding, nor the assent of  
the will to the wisdom and rectitude of the  
divine dispensations, can, for some time,  
calm the restless desires of the heart, se-  
cure its peace, and restore it when lost.

Written on an affecting instance of Sudden

Death.—BY BERNARD BARTON.

Thou didst not sink by slow decay  
Like some who live the longest;  
But every day was wrenched away  
Just when those ties were strongest.  
A life like thine may justly make  
The sanguine doubt To-morrow;  
And in the heart of others wake  
A gloom that never more returns.

Well may we fear; for who can think  
On thee so lately living,  
Loving and loved, and yet not shrink  
With somewhat of misgiving!

Well may we mourn; for cold indeed,  
As those since death has found thee,  
Must be the heart that does not bleed  
For thee and those around thee.

A Daughter, Mother, Sister, Wife!  
At noon life—mild before thee;  
The night brought nature's mortal strife;  
The day—death's conquest o'er thee.

How much was done in hours so few,  
Hopes withered, hearts divided;  
Joys, griefs, loves, fears, and feelings too,  
Stern death at once decided.

With thee 'tis over! there are some,  
Who in mute consternation,  
Fearfully shrink from hours to come,  
Of heart-felt desolation.

While the dark tempest's horrors last,  
We guess at evils round us;  
The clouds disperse, we stand aghast;  
Its ravages comprehend us.

The thunder's roar, the lightning's gleam,  
Might seem a vision only;  
But when we know we do not dream,  
The stillness! Oh, how lonely!

One hope in such an hour is left,  
And may this hour reveal it;  
He who has thus of bliss bereft  
The heart, has power to heal it.

Our dearest hopes—He would not crush,  
And pass unheeding by them;  
Nor bid our eyes with sorrow gush,  
Unless his love could dry them.

A bruise—He will not break;  
But hearts that bow before him,  
Shall own his mercy while they ache,  
And gratefully adore him.

ON DEATH.

When Death his dreaded summons sends,  
To old or young, he ne'er contends  
With mortal man, about his doom,  
But hurries him into the tomb.  
We all have seen how many ways  
Death takes to shorten mortal's days:  
Then let us every day prepare  
To meet that doom which all must share.

K.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Fortunate Duellists,

Continued.

A STOLEN KISS.

"How bright see'er the prospect seems,  
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,  
If envy chance to creep in!"  
COWPER.

It is frequently the case, when we retire to rest  
at an unreasonable hour, we enjoy short and re-  
freshing slumbers, and rise animated with uncon-  
quered life and energy. It was thus with Egbert  
Wertland and Henry Finburn. They arose at their  
usual hour and repaired to their daily em-  
ployment; the one to his Blackstone and Sander,  
the other to his day-book and ledger. But their  
minds were so much engrossed with the occur-  
rences of the past night, that they could not  
confine their attention to study or business. Egbert  
sat in the office carefully turning the leaves of  
his book, as he reflected on the project which  
he had pledged himself to perform, the improbability  
of his success, and the impudence of volun-  
tarily submitting himself to be rejected by a fe-  
male. Henry, inclining his head towards the  
desk, alternately dipped his pen and scribbled his  
name on a blank paper, as he mused on his un-  
happy conduct in according to the improper  
to his friend, which might be the means of  
destroying the unbounded confidence which he  
had placed in a young lady possessing the most  
amiable qualities. If a third person, acquainted  
with the circumstances, had proposed a recon-  
ciliation, both would have willingly assented to it; but  
neither could prevail on himself to suggest it, fear-  
ing it would be rejected. They met as usual in  
the course of the day, and with forced gaiety  
conversed on the pleasures of the past night and  
related each other on the part he must perform the  
following evening.

After a day, to them long and tedious, they saw  
with pleasure the sun fast approaching the west-  
ern hills, and the villagers preparing for the even-  
ing meeting. Wertland having seen Henry enter  
the counting-house dressed for the evening, went  
directly to his toilet, arrayed himself in a similar  
attire and repaired to the lecture room, which was  
yet partially lighted and the seats vacant. He  
seated himself in a convenient place and wait-  
ed patiently, while the worshippers slowly assem-  
bled. The quietness of the place was well adapted  
to the exercise of the mind, but his thoughts  
were not the most pleasing. A perplexity arose  
which had not before entered his mind—should  
Egbert Wertland attend the lecture, he would be  
under the necessity of either abandoning his pro-  
ject, or of forsaking her pleasure, by giving Fin-  
burn an opportunity of practicing the same trick  
on him which he was meditating against Finburn.

He anxiously watched every one that came in, till  
he saw Helen Montville enter alone, who always  
came in company with Egbert Wertland, if she at-  
tended. This dissipated his doubts and inspired  
him with the hope of success. When Henry entered,  
it was easy to perceive he was "first in the  
heart" of Helen Montville. As it foretold in our  
purpose to describe the experiences of the even-  
ing exercises, we shall suffer the prayers and ex-  
hortations to produce as little effect on our readers  
as they did on some of the audience.

A doxology closed the services; then there was  
no small bustle for hats and gloves, reticules and  
handkerchiefs, and not less trepidation of heart to  
secure a berth or a breast. On such occasions the  
young gentlemen generally retire first, and stop  
in the yard on either side of the way, to offer  
their services to the ladies, who frequently regu-  
late their manner of departing by the caprice of  
the moment. Some confining in the efficacy of  
their captivating charms, retire separately and are  
soon gratified with company. Others, either dis-  
trusting their powers of attraction, or apparently  
possessing more modesty than the first, go out in  
parties with close order. The beau, who sees his  
chance in the midst of one of these ranks, must  
attack with boldness the thick array, and rescue  
the object of his wishes. Their order once broken,  
it is not easy for them to rally; and they soon be-  
come an easy prey to those who are waiting for  
that purpose.

Egbert retired first and was soon followed by  
Henry, who passed him and stood by the gate to  
give him a fair opportunity for his experiment and  
to witness the result of it. As Helen came out, Eg-  
bert with a whisper offered his arm. She, glanc-  
ing her eye at his dress and perceiving it to be  
similar to that of Henry, imagined she was ac-  
cepting the offered services of her lover. It was  
the interest of Egbert to continue the deception  
while they were within the hearing of Henry; for  
that reason he walked in silence till they were in  
the street beyond the crowd. He then made some  
common-place remarks concerning the exercises of  
the evening. At the sound of his voice she de-  
verted her mistake and was on the point of with-  
drawing her hand, but reflecting that she was too  
far from the lecture-room to hope for other com-  
pany, and shrinking from the idea of walking home  
alone, she continued by his side, but convinced  
him of her disapprobation of his conduct, by no-  
ticing his observations and questions in the most  
concise manner. As their conversation was not  
the most interesting, we shall leave them to the  
exclusive enjoyment of it.

Finburn was thunderstruck when he saw the  
intruded company of another received, without the  
least appearance of unwillingness or disapprobation,  
by her whose every action had seemed to him to  
declare more fully than words, that he was the  
sole object of her affections. He turned away  
from the scene with disgust, and hastened home,  
inveighing against friends and friends, cursing  
the fickleness of woman, and reproaching himself  
for indulging one who could trifle with his feelings,  
in such an outrageous manner.

During the two following days the clerk and  
student at law met occasionally, but not with  
their accustomed familiarity. Henry avoided con-  
versing on the occurrences at the evening meet-  
ing, for he had resolved to ask no explanation on  
that subject either from Egbert or Helen. Early  
in the morning of the third day Egbert Wertland  
called at Dr. Montville's, and found Helen with a  
dejected countenance, walking in the garden.

"Good morning, my dear Helen," said she,  
"you appear very melancholy. What is the cause  
of it? Have you lost your old lover, or has  
some other person stolen your heart?"  
"My spirits have been depressed by the de-  
fectiveness of a man."

"O never mind that," said Egbert, "you know  
the good book says, the heart of man is deceitful  
above all things, and desperately wicked."

"I will never forgive him, I will not speak to  
him again," said the disconsolate Helen.

"Not quite so fast, my dear," replied Egbert.  
"I have heard many a young lady make such an  
assertion concerning a gentleman and violate it  
the next time she met him in company. But pray  
tell me, who could be deceitful to the open-hearted  
Helen Wertland?"

"Egbert Wertland!" it is impossible!" said  
Egbert. "There must be some mistake. Egbert  
Wertland deceitful! Do explain yourself."

Helen gave her a minute account of the evening  
lecture and the circumstances that followed.  
Egbert humorously replied, "this story is  
very diverting, Helen, and speaks much in your  
favour—I think, however, I have more reason to be  
jealous, than you have to reproach Egbert for his  
gallantry, but I have no idea of humoring any  
gentleman by giving way to such feelings. Come,  
Helen, drive away your dejection; this evening we  
shall have a tea party at our house, and, if you  
will favour us with your company, we will seek an  
explanation from the young gentlemen."

Helen cordially accepted the invitation and Eve-  
leen left her still walking in the garden. This was  
a day that required the assiduous labour of all at  
Mr. Ralston's. Invitations were sent to their ex-  
tensive circle of male and female acquaintance;  
cakes of multifarious forms were fabricated; nuts  
were cracked, wines were prepared, and various  
kinds of fruit were gathered, which had required  
much watching to prevent the depredations of the  
mischievous urchins of the village. The spacious  
parlour which had been closed for weeks, was  
opened, and, although every thing was perfectly  
neat and in the most regular order, the dusting  
brush was assiduously used, and the furniture re-  
arranged; the fire place was replenished with re-  
cently gathered asparagus; and the mantle being  
furnished with a due number of candles to light  
the room, was adorned with a great variety of  
newly plucked flowers.

The Misses of the village, who had received in-  
vitations to the party, were not less diligent. Their  
ruffles and the exterior of fashion were carefully  
examined, their head-dresses were formed of roses,  
which could not rival the native bloom of their  
countenances; and the dotes of their toilets were  
universally protracted. Between four and five  
o'clock the charms of the village began to be con-  
centrated at a point—Mr. Ralston's. They amused  
themselves with walking in the garden, relating  
the incidents that had occurred since their last  
meeting, planning future parties, and rallying  
each other about lovers, till seven o'clock, when  
they instinctively assembled in the parlour and  
seated themselves on one side of the room. The  
design of their arranging themselves in this manner  
was presently discovered; for the gentlemen soon  
entered, saluted them and occupied the opposite  
part of the room. At one end the door separated  
the two parties, and at the other Mr. and Mrs.  
Ralston. Previous to tea and during the serving  
of it, a general conversation was kept up by the  
gentlemen. The ladies either listened to their  
edifying remarks, or amused themselves by con-  
versing in a low tone with each other. Soon after  
tea, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston retired, that their pre-  
sence might not be a restraint to the amusements  
of the party.

Before the commencement of the pleasures of the  
evening, the gentlemen had a very difficult point  
to effect—the separation of the ladies. By artifice  
peculiar to such occasions it was however soon  
effected; and the company being divided into  
small parties, with animated conversation and  
cheerful countenances, exhibited a scene of the  
most pleasing hilarity. Helen and Henry were by  
accident seated near each other. At first their  
conversation was very reserved, but they gradually  
became more sociable, till they gave evident ap-  
pearances, that they had explained the past inci-  
dents to their mutual satisfaction.

The clock struck twelve but the company were  
unwilling to break up. A dance was proposed,  
which received the cordial assent of those who  
were pleased with such amusements. Musical in-  
struments were produced, for there were many  
present that could play on them, and those who  
were to dance selected their partners and began  
the exhilarating exercise in an adjoining apart-  
ment. When one party had finished a dance,  
others were ready to take the floor. At the close  
of the fourth, Henry Finburn was conversing with  
Egbert Wertland. Politeness compelled him to  
ask her hand in the next dance. She consented.  
Seeing this Helen Montville could not refuse her  
hand solicited by Egbert Wertland. In the pro-  
ceedings of this dance, Egbert making some re-  
mark, Helen inclined her head to hear. The tempta-  
tion was too powerful to be resisted—he stole a  
kiss. The acuteness of the sensibility of her wound-  
ed modesty being too violent for her delicate frame,  
she fainted; and the scene that followed may be  
easily imagined. Henry, who with the lynx eye  
of jealousy had seen the cause of the disturbance,  
left the room, and departed without taking leave  
of any one. Helen soon recovered and the party  
broke up.

CONSISTENCY.

The following passage from the London  
Courier, is such lively good sense, that we  
have much pleasure in transcribing it, though  
without any definite object. We  
happen not to know to whom or to what it  
especially refers, but the sentiment is  
general, and may be understood and appre-

ciated without any acquaintance with the  
circumstance or occasion by which it was  
suggested:

"Some of our contemporaries seem to  
entertain peculiar notions upon the subject  
of consistency, in a public writer. What  
they call consistency, appears to be nothing  
better than a pertinacious adherence to  
opinions once formed, or to principles  
once adopted, no matter how thoroughly  
all the circumstances may have changed  
with reference to which both the principles  
and opinions were originally formed. A  
rusty vane that always points one way,  
must, of course, sometimes point the right  
way; but we prefer a weather cock that  
veers with every wind, and shows the exact  
point from which it blows. What?"

Some shallow-pated gentleman may per-  
haps exclaim, "would you have a public  
writer a mere weathercock?" "By no  
means—we would only have him not a  
rusty one." In fact, the only consistency  
of which an enlarged mind is capable, is the  
consistency of sound reasoning, which is  
founded upon the capacity to analyze causes,  
and trace their probable consequences.

The man who has this faculty and exer-  
cises it, must constantly exhibit, to the su-  
perficial observer, apparent inconsistencies;  
but he can avoid them only by making his  
reason the slave of his interests or his pas-  
sions. We are aware this doctrine will  
astound those sagacious observers of hu-  
man nature, who imagine that to go right  
it is only necessary to go always in the  
same path."

SINGULAR TWISTS.

It is curious to observe, says the Palti-  
more Morning Chronicle, how a brilliant  
expression once used, travels its rounds and  
shows itself in a variety of shapes—Milton  
says,

He spoke, and to confirm his words outflung  
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim—the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined hell.

Burke in his panegyric on the unfortu-  
nate and murdered Queen of France, has an  
eye upon this passage. "I thought a thou-  
sand swords would have leaped from their  
scabbards, to avenge even a look that threat-  
ened her with insult." One of those teasing  
animals called poets, whose object it was  
so vex this veteran, thus parodies his ex-  
pression.

"Methought, O how my brains must reel,  
Ten thousand accents of magic steel,  
Would trap their scabbards to chastise  
Those who had not elastic eyes."

But a late English writer has given an  
entire new twist to this thought. Address-  
ing a letter to his patroness, he remarks,  
that "a thousand quilts shall leap from  
their desks, to avenge even a look that  
threatens you with insult." This is the  
flaming sword of Milton's devil, whose sud-  
den blaze far around illumined hell, by a  
strange metamorphosis converted into a  
goose quill at last.

Sketches of Uncommon Characters.

GENERAL MINA.

(From the Spanish of Col. Don Ximenes.)

"Mina is a well made man, of florid complexion,  
robust, and about 5 feet 8 inches high, a man of  
few words, but frank in his manner; he is very  
thoughtful, but never communicative. His officers  
never, by any accident, know where he intends to  
march, when least expected, he paces himself at  
the head of his men, saying, 'Follow me!' and  
often marches them in this way 30 or 40 miles  
without allowing horses or men any refreshment."

"When a volunteer joins Mina, he is not allow-  
ed to bring any thing but a pair of sandals, half  
stockings, breeches and jacket. Mina himself ne-  
ver wears boots or half boots, but sandals, in order  
more easily to escape by climbing up the side of  
mountains if he gets knocked off his horse. He  
has several times saved himself miraculously in  
this way."

"Mina is brave to a degree that is incredi-  
ble, and has a most powerful arm with the sword—  
He never allows gaming either among the officers  
or soldiers; he never takes a regular breed officer  
into his company. He says, 'They pretend to have too  
much theory, and it is all their attempts.' Mina  
has a perfect knowledge of the whole country, and  
all the passes of the mountains, and whenever it  
is necessary he disperses his people, appointing  
a particular spot at some distance off to meet  
at, during the former invasion of Spain by the  
French he practised this manoeuvre frequently, and  
with great success. His corps was by no means  
numerous, but he was not anxious to increase its  
numbers—he is not vain, and says fairly, that he  
can manage a select few better than a larger number.  
When a youth wishes to enlist in the cavalry,  
after being examined by Mina and questioned, he  
calls for the commanding officer of the company,  
and says, 'This boy wishes to serve in the cavalry,  
take him first with you, and let me know how  
he behaves.' The first action they are engaged in,  
this captain who commands the infantry, and is  
on horseback, keeps the boy close to him during  
the whole action, and watches narrowly how he be-  
haves, and after having been four times in action,  
if he distinguishes himself, the Captain brings him  
to Mina, and says, 'This lad will do, he is worthy  
to die for his country.' Mina then furnishes him  
with arms and a horse, closely watching him him-  
self, to see how he behaves." By these means his  
corps is composed of the most determined and  
intrepid Spanish that live."

MR. GORDON.

Founder of the hospital that goes by his name  
in the city of Aberdeen, was perhaps one of the  
greatest misers that ever appeared in any country;  
and from his extreme attachment to riches, is still  
spoken of by the name of Silberton. This eccentric  
being was a well informed man, and fond of  
reading, but would on no account be at the ex-  
pense of a candle. As good luck would have it,  
a cobbler lived immediately below the miser's gar-  
ret. Silberton bored through his floor, and thus  
availing himself of Crispin's lamp, enjoyed his fa-  
vorite amusement. The use of a fire he never  
indulged himself in, even during the extreme rigors  
of winter. As a substitute for this necessary  
element, he kept in his garret a brazier, or creel,

full of stones, which he carried about the room on  
his back, until he felt himself sufficiently warm—  
A penny worth of better-milk in summer, generally  
served to dilute all his victuals for eight days—  
One Monday, whilst Gordon was from home, a half  
starved rat got at the precious brazier, and made a  
greedy feast, (such a delicious banquet seldom  
fell to its lot in this miserable abode of famine,) but  
having over-eat itself, it tumbled into the bowl,  
and was unable to get out. Gordon returning im-  
mediately after the melancholy accident happened,  
went to his bowl, found it half empty, and the ex-  
piring robber drenched in the costly liquid. The  
enraged miser seized the rat by the head with one  
hand, whilst with the other he squeezed the but-  
termilk into the bowl from the shoulders to the tail,  
making the ill-fated animal disgorge what it had  
drunk, saying, "D—n ye, ye shan't get off with  
that!"—thus preserving a scanty supply for his  
porridge during the remainder of the week! This  
wretched character at last died of a surfeit, after  
dining at the house of a friend.

Singularities of great men.—Xenophon,

during his famous retreat, performed many  
acts of the most vulgar superstition. Au-  
gustus was alarmed and dispirited if he put  
on a slipper on his right leg which should  
have been on his left. Newton once stu-  
died astrology. Thomas Dryden, and the  
Chancellor Shaftesbury, calculated nativiti-  
es. Roger Ascham and Dr. Whitby were  
devoted lovers of cock fighting, as was Bayle  
of monte Banks. Bishop Hoadly was often  
rallied by Dr. Clarke for his dread of thun-  
der. Henry IV. of France was terrified  
by the jolting of his coach. Ben Johnson  
and Addison were hard drinkers, and Pope  
himself an epicure.

(From Foulton's American Daily Advertiser.)

MR. POCOSON.

What are flies made for—is a question which  
has puzzled me since I was two feet high. To  
other insects—to reptiles, animals, and the  
whole tribe of inferior beings which infest us  
there seems to be some sort of final use attached.  
Deformity is in most cases compensated by an ad-  
vantage. Those which are even terrible to view  
have something noble in the very terror which  
pleases us. The roaring menace of a furious  
lion is grand. There is a charm in the proudly  
uplifted crest of a serpent. The dragon and the  
griffin, the lizard and sea-serpent strike us with  
wonder, but the senseless, wretched—humane  
fly is a creature entirely uninteresting in this respect.  
It cannot hurt you—do not fear it; its deformity is  
shocking, you despise it, and yet the eternal  
humming of this half dead languid creature  
booming in your mouth—whizzing past your ear—  
flying through your candle, is intolerable.

I love a mosquito—delightful creature! its  
chirp is worth a bite, there is something like mu-  
sic in its modest notes—there is a gnat, and  
what is the red drop it sucks from you in com-  
parison with the previous melody?—The itching  
to be sure—

But never mind that.  
The mosquito chatting you—there is power,  
and you may dignify his conduct with the name of  
perseverance. A mosquito is brave—it gives you  
warning of its presence before it bites—you may  
defend yourself, but the mean, puny wretch of a  
fly that is ever busy in doing nothing—without the  
ability to injure or the sense to keep quiet, who  
pretends to bore your flesh with his proboscis and  
can do nothing, is a disgrace to the family of crea-  
tures and excites loathing disgust.

You have scarce any compassion for a fly, he is  
such a perfect fool. He will rush into the hot  
tallow or through the burning wick like a sala-  
mander, but there he is kicking and twitching in  
helpless agony, dragging his slow and greasy  
length over your paper—or sticking immovably to  
your coat or hand.

There was a certain Roman Emperor who took  
delight in bookbaking these torments. No doubt  
he had good reasons for it. There is, in fact, no  
other way of getting rid of them, but exterminat-  
ing them by death. But I hate to hurt them—but  
this I do confess, that I do not feel half the an-  
noyance when in my fervour I see the silly things drop  
dead, that I do at seeing the blood of a mutilated  
mosquito or a crushed cockroach. I have in  
younger days considered with delight the delu-  
dled multitude crowding to destruction on a fly trap  
—they up and slip until their gluttony is punished  
by a watery grave concealed beneath the well  
sweetened bread. I like yet to see them tantalized  
with the fly-brush—driven from a dainty bowl  
of milk—or whipped up from the sugar dish.  
And then again to see the pampered wretches  
full length in your cream-pot, scampering over  
your favourite dish, or drowned by quantities in  
a luscious goblet of unadorned drink—it's enough  
to rouse to temper and the vengeance of patient  
Job himself.

The mosquito is noble—he only asks a few  
hours, at the most, for his banquet and is off.  
But he is up or down, waking or sitting, or  
standing, sleeping or waking, or cat-snapping at  
home or abroad, the fly will wheeze and wheeze  
and wheeze, ad infinitum.

I was kept awake all last night, (thermometer  
at least 100.) by a fly and mosquito. Let my  
singing friend have the reward of his carol in a  
hearty draught from one of my choicest veins.  
It itched—I scratched, but did not complain, and  
in an hour or two it was over. But for the rest  
of the night, there was a fly, weak and impotent  
as sleep, bobbing lazily in my face—I turned—he  
whizzed past my ear—I twisted—but there he  
was tramping on my hair. I shook my head—he  
leaped on that most exquisitely tender inch un-  
der the nose. I blowed him—but oh!—it's a long  
chapter—I blowed and knock and shook my-  
self into a fever—was all the same, and then I  
got up and dressed and put my bandanna over  
my head and dozed in my easy chair.

Buzz—there he goes down my throat while I  
was gaping—the very identical fellow—I knew  
him by his hum-drum. I've caught him and put  
him out of the window—Mc Hercules, he's back  
again—I'll go and hang myself.

SCORFULO.

"A RAT—A RAT!"

(From the Providence (R. I.) Journal.)

A few days since, our curiosity was ex-  
cited by a motley group of good natured  
city, who blocked the entrance to one of  
the dry good stores, Cheapside. On ap-  
proaching the spot, we recognized bank  
directors, eloquent counsellors, knights of  
the pebble and mortar, besides sundry learned  
and sage editors and spectacled matrons,  
who were examining all that remained of  
a Rat, viz.—his skin.

It appeared that the little rascal, in his  
nocturnal visits to the cupboard and ch-











